

Early Summer Nerves

Duran Duran

What were the chances for me, when I spoke to her last night
What were the chances I'd be, here lying by her side
Why does it look so risque, hiding in the morning light
Now as the memory hits me, right between the eyes

Strange nobody else can hear those fingers tapping on the glass
With reviews of early summer nerves

Welcome to miss adventure, oh she is a slippery slow
Welcome to glamour central, where I'm hanging on a row

Who exactly am I trying to fool with all those snazzy words
Just a case of early summer nerves

This won't get me out of it but finally I understand
You've got to love those early summer nerves